[redacted]

Must Remain in
Transcription Room

M 2595

Sunday, July 13, 1975

Barn Lunch

NOTE 2595A follows w/ [redacted] conversation Edna White

MR. NYLAND: This time I think I stopped you.

I want to say just a few words about the difficulties we are having and still have, a little bit, with both the Town Board and the Planning Board. There has been a great deal of communication and discussion and so forth, you might have received half information. I think that we are at the point where there is more and more convicion on the part of the Planning Board to wish to understand what we are after. And it's amazing how sometimes a little bit of a word cannot be understood very well by someone else who has different connections and different associations with it.

The question is (when) we use the word craft. For us, there is no particular reason to interpret it in any different way than what is craft as handiwork or handicraft, work that we do mostly with our hands. And it's quite different from using machinery and make a mass production out of things. It is difficult sometimes to find a level on which one can talk with people

who come from different walks of life. And to some extent, I cannot blame them when we, as a group, invade all of a sudden a little country village. And they become a little apprehensive about it. I must admit, though, that I think they could have been a little bit more open in the beginning and a little bit more cooperative. And we've gone through a very difficult time, as you very well know, and Robert and some of the others do know more about the details and the (stuff) and the things that were brought up - and quite unnecessary - because the issue was only one: We want to build a lovely village up at the Chardovogne Hill and we want to dedicate that to craft.

We want to make beautiful things. We're not commercially interested in that than only perhaps using it as a means of staying alive. But the artist is in a craftsman, and he wants to create. He wants to make something for a certain purpose, maybe useful, maybe just as an object of beauty, of that what could create joy in someone just simply by looking at it - very much like any kind of art must have a very definite idea that something is created into which certain things are poured.

I say it looks as if sometimes one wants to take part of one's spiritual life or the essentiality of oneself and put it in a form so as to make that form alive in that form of creation. It is true of sculpture. It is true of painting, true of music, true of any kind of a way by which one wants to express for oneself something that is alive. It is a little buried and you want it to become open and then have a chance to communicate that to certain parts of the world, not necessarily everybody, and not seeing that such a thing becomes of universal value. It is of value within one's own world. And when one wants to create, in making lovely things - maybe for children, maybe just to look at, maybe just to use it as an expression of oneself - you can feel that there is a possibility in developing such a possibility for

oneself, that a person can change and then actually give all there is within him for the purpose of that kind of a purpose.

Of course, in craft, it's necessary that one has dexterity with one's hands and that you have an insight into the possibility (of) what could be created and that naturally there has to be that kind of a wish. So in that sense, going into the craft direction where the three centers could be represented, it becomes quite obvious that it is a matter for each person to want to give that what is within him and alive, and then wanting to present that, to see that it is also acknowledged by others and that in the process itself, he himself can grow. It's necessary, I think, every once in a while to emphasize that, because we lose track so easily in our commercial world about pursuing just a little bit of money and maybe even a little bit of respect or a name. This has an aim within itself. And that what is created is more within a person as an artistic quality which helps it to (have) for him a spiritual life even more than the product he makes. And sometimes the product is that what is from him and perhaps even a little bit subjective.

The reality of art is that one starts to create a world which is not of this Earth. And that that form of art, in craft as well as in art in general, starts where the nature of a man leaves off. When he can naturally not do very much more than what he is allowed to do by the laws of nature, that something in him starts to become his own culture. And he starts then to develop and create certain things, linking them up and utilizing that what is given by nature, but putting it in combinations which are unusual and then, you might say, form a creation into which he then should pour that again what is not his own.

Art should not be subjective. It should become more and more an objective aim for a man to see that in such a process he is able to receive energy,

information, suggestions from the outside world - starting with that, from his inner life as a contact with the different levels of existences of beings. And transforming that within himself into a certain quality of energy which has really very little to do anymore with where it came from - perhaps even originally a little bit too naturally tinted. But the conversion must take place in an artist to give to the world that what belongs to God. After all, I think that is a worthy aim because it belongs then to the wish for a man to become a man. And in that, his harmony, he is representing something else than just what he was born with. He's representing that what was given to him to develop and to make it free from the bondage under which he was born. And in that sense, this karma will produce for a person, for himself in the first place, a certain food which is not of the Earth and then belongs to be given to God Himself or to whatever higher level of being he can reach.

It's necessary, I feel, to see that that kind of religious attitude in which oneself becomes submerged and then is again reborn as a renaissance, as a phoenix, wishing to become that what it wasn't, like a butterfly is different from the worm or from the cocoon. And this transformation process that must take place within each man when he realizes that such a possibility exists, I think he has to pay attention to it, so that in accordance with whatever talents he has, he makes his attempts which belong to him. And ultimately he creates his own god in the form of that what may be his form of art creation, maybe as a result of his interest in craft.

I hope that it is gradually being established in the minds of the different people in Warwick, that we are here for a very definite purpose and that we are a little bit unusual and therefore it may be difficult not to have prejudices. I hope that there will be the beginning of a new - let's call it an era for us, based this time on an understanding of Warwick with all

their shortcomings and a wish on the part from ourselves that several people of Warwick can understand what is our aim in this world, wanting to develop a spirituality and a foundation within oneself of that kind, in order to be able not only to become harmonious, but to have a chance to remain a man in the midst of all the difficulties that are going to be meted out to us because we are still living in that kind of economic sociological condition.

It is not going to be easy in the next couple of years. Don't believe the politicians too much. There is still a great deal of suffering that has to be gone through. And Mother Nature is not as yet satisfied and rumbles here and there and tells us that she is really not very much in accord with what we have been doing in our own culture.

We have to be led back gradually to the simplicity of that kind of handicraft, to that what is really our own and our own inheritance; and to be able to develop that and to become responsible for it within the simplicity of our life as we should live our life, as a reason for being born for that purpose. Almost, I would say, cosmologically looking at the task of mankind, to help Mother Nature to grow up and set her free so that she could become a planet and, in that way, closer to the Sun which Mother Nature really loves.

Such perspectives I think we can think about every once in a while. And I hope that we can keep our feet on the ground and that we don't let other people run away with ideas which are untruthful; that we will be able to stand up for that kind of truth in a very simple way and then become convincing because of simplicity. Honesty is not so difficult to be, but it sometimes is extremely hard to have honesty understood by others when you have dealings with them and you have no control about the thoughts and the feelings that they have in their unconscious state. If we can be even a little bit above

that and not be attached too much to where we ourselves came from, if we can live on that kind of a level by being here at the Barn and being reminded, we will be able to accomplish just a little bit of that kind of understanding, for the sake of the totality of a wish to see what is life and why does God exist.

Maybe such thoughts are good for birthdays, renewals, renaissance for a new year. Sometimes, closing off a certain period of years - three times seven, three times nine, physical, emotional, intellectual. Then life can begin on oneself. One says goodbye to that what has given us life, to become what we are then at that age - twenty-seven, twenty-eight, maybe thirty. And then start from there on our own development which is our own life, thanks to that what has been given but which has to be made by the efforts that we now want to put into the new opportunity, as I say, as a rebirth, a renaissance for the creation of our own world. I would almost say, with our own hands and helped by an insight from one's intellect and by a wish to create beauty so that it could become permanent.

I hope you have a good Sunday for the rest, and never mind the rain. The rain belongs to the Earth. The Sun can be in your heart.

To Gurdjieff.

And so, Caroline, will you play? You will have to tell about it on the other side.

(Victor): We have room on this side.

MR. NYLAND: Huh?

(Victor): We have room on this side.

MR. NYLAND: Oh, have we? Good.

Caroline Kierli: The first is Sacred Hymn No. 4. And then (Song of the Fishermen) and (Tibetan Melody).

(Caroline plays)

MR. NYLAND: Don't you want to repeat it?

Caroline: Shall I play it again?

MR. NYLAND: It's all right that you stop. All right, Caroline. Thank you.

So, there we are.

END TAPE

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